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prove a great favorite during Mr. Booth's engagement.

That doleful and most melancholy of all plays, "The Stranger," was played on Wednesday and Saturday of last week and gave Mr. Booth an opportunity to wear a very becoming costume, look very melancholy, and act very well. "Don Caesar de Bazan" and "Katherine and Petruchio" enlivened the scene somewhat, and showed Mr. Booth in good colors as a comic actor of considerable humor and power.

There is a growing, and almost authenticated, rumor that we are to have a polyglot version of "Othello" at the Winter Garden. Mr. Bogumil Dawison is to play Othello in German, Mme. Methua Scheller is to play Desdemona in German and English, Mr. Gotthold is to play Cassio in English and German, while Mr. Booth will probably play Cassio in Choctaw, English, Sanscrit or Italian—which has not yet been decided. For an aspiring young man studying languages this will afford a fine opportunity for improvement.

Mr. E. L. Davenport commenced a short engagement of eight nights at the Broadway Theatre on Saturday evening of last week, appearing as Damon in Barini's fine tragedy of Damon and Pythias. During the present week he has appeared in "St. Marc," "The Stranger," and "Hamlet," in all of which he has been eminently successful. Mr. Davenport is one of the finest and most accomplished actors living, his performances are all characterized by a scholarly appreciation of the part represented, while his acting is graceful and dignified—his "Hamlet" I hold to be the best upon the stage. It is a great pity that Mr. Davenport is not seen more often in New York, as he is a great favorite, and, moreover, one of those thoroughly good and unexceptionable actors that one never wearies of seeing and listening to.

Mr. Owens opens at the Broadway Theatre on Monday evening of next week, in "Solon Shingle."

The Olympic presented a very curious spectacle on Monday evening of this week—the occasion was the re-appearance of Mr. Geo. Jordan, an avowed secessionist, before a New York audience, and the house was crowded to suffocation by an audience composed almost entirely of males who, with but few exceptions, went there in the hope of seeing a riot, as it was confidently believed that the gentleman would be hissed from the stage in consequence of his political sentiments—the blue coated protectors of the law were stationed in all parts of the theatre, and the timid were intensely frightened, while the stronger hearted were just as intensely amused. But the timid had little cause for their timidity and those who had hoped to see a riot were disappointed. Mr. Jordan was received with round after round of applause, and called out at the end of the play and forced to make a speech. This is but right, the day for re-crimination has gone by, and it is but irritating an almost healed wound to rake up old difficulties—for the disappointed ones of Monday night I grieve, but at the same time am happy to see that a New York audience possess too much good sense and good taste to drive from the stage an actor of considerable merit on account of his political sentiments. Artists and ac-

tors should be viewed and judged as such, and not in their characters as private individuals.

Of the play, "The Master of Ravenswood," little can be said, it is our old friend "Lucia di Lammermoor, in a new and exceedingly doleful and stupid form, possessing but little interest and but few telling situations. The acting, however, is good throughout. Mr. Jordan as Ravenswood is somewhat tame, still quiet and sensible, Miss Eytling plays Lucy charmingly, and in many instances with great power and passion, Mrs. Saunders is an excellent Alice, and the performance of the other characters is uniformly good.

The play is beautifully put upon the stage and, although in its present state somewhat too long, will, when curtailed in its proportions, have a long and successful run.

"Griffith Gaunt" was produced for the last time on Tuesday evening at the New York Theatre. Mr. Augustin Daly, the author, taking a benefit. On Thursday evening a new fairy spectacle, "Cendrillon" was produced with fine scenery and effects; I shall speak at length of the performance next week.

At Wallack's Mr. Lester Wallack is pursuing the successful, and even tenor of his way in the old comedies, while the public are anxiously awaiting the production of the new comedy "Ours."

Meanwhile the shop windows are crowded with toys and sweetmeats, every one wears a happy, expectant expression—and Christmas will be here in ten days!

SHUGGE.

ART MATTERS.

The fifth annual exhibition of pictures of the French, English and Flemish schools, now open at the Studio Buildings in Tenth street, although, as a whole, unsatisfactory, still contains many works of real merit and will well repay a visit to all art lovers.

The first artist whose name we find in the catalogue is Alma Tadema, a pupil of Baron Leys, who exhibits two pictures very much in the same eccentric style as his celebrated master. "A Dance in Rome, 1st century," and "The Poet," are good specimens of the preraaphaelite school, with one exception, however, which is, that they somewhat resemble human nature: the action and coloring of the figures are both excellent and, were it not for the tea-tray manner in which the accessories are painted, would be really fine pictures.

Three pictures by Bougniet, "The Morning Prayer," "Which Necklace would suit best," and "The Toilet" are all marked by a great care and excellence in the drapery painting; the color, however, is cold and disagreeable.

"Before the Magistrate," by G. E. Hicks, A. R. A., is quite Hogarthian in character and sentiment, and although some of the figures are, to a certain extent, exaggerated, there is a vein of humor running throughout the whole picture which is really delicious. The old man, on the left, is particularly fine, while the genial, stolid, John Bullish expression of all the figures is wonderfully characteristic and life-like. The picture is somewhat marred by an unnatural forcedness of color, but, aside from this, it is a work of great

merit, and is the best of its class that has been exhibited in New York for some time.

The best picture in the exhibition is "The Poor Widow's Removal," by Israel's, which is one of those works that strike the eye immediately and grow upon one more and more, and to which you come back time and again to ponder over and admire. Painted in a very low key, of greys, almost entirely, there is still a wonderful strength and power in the coloring, while the whole motive and sentiment of the picture is simply delicious. An aged widow has been thrust forth from her poor abode and is trudging along, over a desolate country road, dragging behind her the few articles of household furniture which are all that is left to her on earth; by her side walks a brave, honest looking boy, who is assisting his widowed mother in her mournful task, while behind the cart toddles a little urchin, crying and weary, bearing in his hand a twig which he has plucked by the way, and which he now drags in the dust with a feeling of utter weariness and desolation. The sun has set, and the cold, grey twilight is settling down over the landscape, while the unhappy family still trudge on with aching limbs and broken hearts.

The whole sentiment and spirit of the picture impress one with a feeling of sorrow and loneliness, and, although painted in the careless, blotchy style of the ultra-French school, there is such a delicacy of feeling and poetry that one is apt to forget the mechanical portion of the work and go to its tender sentiment and motive and find there food for admiration and quiet delight.

Leys exhibits but one picture, "The Proposal," which is full of all the artist's disagreeable mannerisms; the figures are crude, stiff and altogether expressionless, and, although there are bits of good color in it, the picture is entirely marred by this same stiffness and lack of anything approaching nature.

Meissonier exhibits two excellent pictures, painted in his usual careful style, "The Critic," and "A Gentleman in the Antechamber;" the first in oil and the latter in water colors, both displaying that wonderful delicacy of execution for which this artist is so justly celebrated.

Gerome's "King Candaules" is an old friend—engravings and photographs have rendered it familiar to us all—here we have the original, marked by all that fine finish and exquisite flesh painting in which Gerome stands almost without a rival. Next to the "Almee" this is probably the finest of this artist's works that we have seen in this country. The flesh painting, as I have before said, is exquisite, while the accessories and general color are excellent.

A copy of Millaris' popular "Order of Release" is also exhibited and abounds in strong, rich coloring.

Ruiperez, one of the most promising of Meissonier's pupils, exhibits three pictures, "Gil Blas introduced to a Comedienne," "The Chess Players," and "The Jeweller," all marked by the distinguishing traits of his great master.

Schlessinger's "Spanish Girl" is a fine rich piece of color. The difference in the draperies is excellently painted, while the whole action and expression of the figure are admirable.

G. Crawford Thom, an American by birth, who is now studying under E. Frere, exhibits five pic-

tures, the best of which are "Returning from Evening Service," and "Man and Boy, fishing," both well and strongly painted, and marked by great boldness and freedom of style and execution.

There are many other works of merit in the exhibition, but space forbids a further notice, as it also does a review of the Exhibition of the Pictures of the French Etching Club, now open at Derby Gallery, 625 Broadway, of which I hope to speak at length next week.

"The New York Water Color Society," of which I spoke some weeks since, has been fully organized with the following gentlemen as the chief officers: President, Samuel Colman; Secretary, Gilbert Burling; Treasurer, A. L. Rawson; President of Board of Control, Wm. Hart. Among the members are Messrs. Constant Mayer, Alfred Fredericks, Wm. Cralg, J. C. Farrar and others.

The object of the society is to foster a love for water colors in this country, and to accomplish which one or two exhibitions are to be held annually.

As yet this exquisite branch of art has received but little notice among us, but the "New York Water Color Society" hope to show the public that we have good and competent water colorists on this as well as on the other side of the water. They will receive the good wishes of all art lovers in their laudable undertaking, and among others

PALETTA.

LITERARY MATTERS.

"ESSAYS ON ART," BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. Hurd & Houghton.

A somewhat hasty perusal of Mr. Palgrave's work fully convinces us that it is very clever, and a valuable addition to the art literature of the day; the author writes understandingly on the subject of which he treats, and moreover in a straightforward, common-sense way which is quite refreshing after the present vaguely transcendental style to which we are too often subjected in most of the art criticisms of the present day.

Mr. Palgrave justly says in his preface, that "Art, like poetry, is addressed to the world at large, not to a special jury of professionals: the technical qualities are only means to the public end, and the question which remains always is, how far do they tend to the object of all the Fine Arts,—high and enduring pleasure."

In this spirit the "Essays on Art," are written, and written with a clearness and good sense that render them comprehensible to the most casual and uninitiated reader. The larger the number of such books published, the better it will be for public taste; they foster a love for and interest in art which is much to be desired, and tend greatly to elevate the ideas and feelings of the people.

We hope at some future day to give a more elaborate criticism of this valuable work.

THE "Entr' Acte" relates the following: "One day the protector of a very indifferent female singer asked for a favorable notice from Sento, the musical critic. 'Will you beg Mlle X—to sing false to-morrow night in the fourth act?' said the other. 'What,' cried the other, quite astonished; 'what, you dare to ask me that?' 'My good sir,' said the critic, 'you have just asked me to sing false in my notice of her performance.'"

ADIEU!

To Mrs. J. S. C.

Sail on, proud vessel, with thy precious freight,
And bear her safely to the distant isle!
And you, ye breezes, with your balmy airs
Play round her head in tenderness the while!

Great ocean calm thy strife, and tranquil rest,
Put on thy happiest and most pleasant mood,
For o'er thy bosom sails a staunch ship now,
Bearing a lady, excellent and good!

And then, sweet lady, when in distant lands
Thou think'st of friends at home, both tried and true,

Bestow a thought on him who pens these lines
And bids thee God-speed with a sad adieu!

SHUGGE.

THE LOST ARTISTS OF THE "EVENING STAR."

"Gamma," the correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune*, writes the following thrilling account of the scene at the Grand Mass for the French artists, lost in the ill-fated steamer the "Evening Star."

I have just witnessed a distressing scene. The Dramatic Artists' Association here celebrated this morning at St. Roch a mass for the unfortunate artists who perished on the Evening Star. A catafalque was raised at the entrance of the choir. All the artists—lyric and dramatic—in Paris were present. The manager of the French Comedy and Superintendent of the theatres (M. Camille Doucet) were also in attendance. The families of the victims wore deep mourning. The most distressing scenes took place at the close of the service. The widow of poor Clarence, who died here a few weeks since, was so affected by the sobbing cries and moans heard all around her, she was seized with hysterics and had to be carried out of the church. The father of poor Mlle du Mery—who is believed to have been the unfortunate woman who hung on a boat by her hands for several hours—sobbed and moaned in a heart-rending manner, and at last fainted from excessive grief. The families of many of the victims have been plunged into the deepest poverty by the loss of them, on whom they were dependent for their daily bread. I have heard of one old lady whose daughter and son-in-law left their children with her. They went down in the ship, and she, with her poor grand children, (who were entirely dependent on her children) do not know where to procure the means of living. Among the victims was a Mlle Marita Campana, whom fate tried its best to save from death, but the poor girl would rush to her watery grave. She was well known here. She played for some time at the Belleville Theatre; then she went to Constantinople, where she played for a year, and she was engaged there when Mons. Alhaiza enlisted her. She was informed of her engagement to go to New Orleans just in time to quit Constantinople and reach Havre when the company embarked provided she travelled constantly by express trains. She embarked on L'Ilyssus, the French steamship of the Messageries Imperiales. When Marseilles was made, the mistral blew with such violence and the sea was so rough the steamship was unable to

enter the port, and was obliged to take refuge in the harbor of La Ciotat. Mlle Marita Campana then begged the captain of the steamship to allow her to land with the mails and go to Marseilles with them; she explained to him how necessary it was for her to reach Havre on a given, and then very near day. He consented. She reached the Marseilles and Paris railway station after the ticket and baggage offices were closed. She appealed to the station master to allow her to take a place in the train then about to leave, and she wrung consent from him too. She reached Paris after the trans-atlantic steamship had sailed from Havre. She took the railway and reached it just in time to take the Ville de Paris, which bore her comrades to America. The passage of the Ville de Paris was singularly stormy and uncomfortable. She embarked on the ill-fated Evening Star—you know the rest! The person designated on the New York *Herald's* list of passengers as "J. Bonne de Campana," was Mlle Marita Campana's chambermaid, named Josephine.

The same day the Dramatic Association had the mass for the repose of these victims celebrated here, the artists of the Havre Theatre had a similar mass celebrated in their cathedral. They went in procession from the theatre to the church and returned in procession. The municipal authorities at Havre were present at the mass.

Subscriptions are taken up here for the families of the poor victims. Cannot New Orleans—the most generous city in America—open a subscription list, and out of its abundance send to these starving families enough to keep want from the door until time is afforded them to look for occupation? It would gratify me exceedingly (could no other channel be found) to bear in New Orleans name substantial assistance to the Dramatic Artists' Association here.

LOUIS CLAPISSON.

Few artists ever led a life more agitated, more laborious, or more full of incident than the above-named.

Clapissou (Antonin-Louis) was born at Naples, on the 15th September, 1808, of French parents, who were then in the service of the king, Joachim Murat, but who returned to France after the political events of 1815. It was from his father, himself a composer, a professor at the Conservatory of Naples, and first horn-player at the San Carlo Theatre, that Louis learned the rudiments of his art. Like many distinguished composers, he was a remarkably good performer. When only eight years old, he went through the south of France, under the care of Hus-Desforges, a celebrated violinist, astonishing every one by his precocious talent upon the violin. At an early hour of the morning, our young *virtuoso* might have been seen, principally in the small towns, with a roll of paper under his arm, a small pot of paste in one hand, and an enormous brush in the other, going about and pasting up, here and there, the magnificent posters destined, in the evening, to bring the public to the concert, and their money into his protector's purse, for we must mention that if Clapissou shared the *maestro's* glory, he did not participate in his profits.

The success achieved by the young *virtuoso* attracted the notice of M. Hippolyte Sonnet, a distinguished artist, and author of the music of several ballets performed at that period at Bordeaux. M. Sonnet took an interest in the boy and taught him harmony. A short time after-